

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA)
)
 v.) CRIM. NO. 05-10224-GAO
)
 J.C. ANDERSON)

GOVERNMENT'S SENTENCING MEMORANDUM

The government respectfully submits this Memorandum in support of certain positions it anticipates taking at the sentencing of this matter, currently scheduled for February 23, 2007.

FACTS RELEVANT TO CRIMES OF CONVICTION¹

In October 2004, a cooperating witness ("CW"), approached Brockton Police Detective David Delehoy about working with police to identify gun and drug dealers in the Brockton area. Presentence Report ("PSR") ¶ 9. In December 2004, Detective Delehoy and Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives ("ATF") Special Agent ("SA") Robert White met with the CW to discuss drug and firearm trafficking, at which time the CW indicated that he knew J.C. Anderson ("Anderson") and that the defendant had agreed to sell the CW an ounce of crack cocaine for \$1,000. *Id.*

On March 30 and 31, 2005, the CW had monitored telephone conversations with Anderson. Anderson and the CW agreed to meet at the Top Notch Cutz Barbershop, 553 Forest Avenue, Brockton, MA for Anderson to sell the CW one ounce of crack cocaine for \$1,000. PSR

¹ The facts contained in the PSR, and cited herein are derived from the reports of ATF special agents and other law enforcement officers involved in the investigation.

¶ 10. On March 31, 2005, the CW was given \$1,000 in ATF funds and equipped with an F-bird digital recorder. The CW then drove to Top Notch Cutz in an ATF vehicle that was equipped with hidden cameras and recorders. Id.

On March 31, 2005, at approximately 4:35 p.m., surveillance agents observed the CW arriving at the Top Notch Cutz parking lot. During the same time, a black Pontiac Grand Prix MA license plate 87AJ48 arrived in the parking lot. PSR ¶ 11. Detective Delehoy was familiar with Anderson and recognized him exiting the driver's seat of the Pontiac. Anderson was observed approaching the CW's vehicle and speaking with the CW through the window. The CW gave Anderson the \$1,000, and Anderson was recorded as saying that it (crack cocaine) would arrive shortly. Id.

At approximately 5:05 p.m., a Honda Accord (MA 75RZ40), registered to J.C. Anderson at 17 Sherwood Drive, Apartment 4, Taunton, MA, arrived in the parking lot of Top Notch Cutz. PSR ¶ 12. Detective Delehoy was familiar with the driver of the vehicle, whom he identified as Randy Wilson. Wilson was observed speaking with the CW through the driver's window and then entering Top Notch Cutz. Id.

At approximately 5:08 p.m., Anderson received a call on his NEXTEL direct connect cellular telephone, which Special Agent White heard while listening to the monitoring unit that was previously placed on the CW. The person on the other end of the telephone

line stated that he would be there in five minutes. PSR ¶ 13.

At approximately 5:14 p.m., surveillance observed a Chevrolet Suburban (MA 55YN31) arrive at the Top Notch Cutz parking lot. Detective Delehoy recognized the driver as Amos Gill. At approximately 5:18 p.m., Anderson was observed exiting Top Notch Cutz along with Wilson. PSR ¶ 14. Anderson was carrying a yellow potato chip bag. Anderson approached the CW car and gave the CW the bag through the CW's window. Id.

After Anderson and the CW had a conversation about the club promotion business, the CW asked Anderson if he could help him obtain a firearm. PSR ¶ 15. Anderson was heard on tape telling the CW that he would not get involved with firearms. Anderson told the CW that drugs were the biggest profit maker and that to make money, he had to "network" and cut out the "middlemen." Id. After their conversation ended, Anderson returned into Top Notch Cutz.

The CW later turned over the potato chip bag containing eight individually wrapped plastic bags crack cocaine to law enforcement. The drugs were sent to the Department of Public Health ("DPH") state laboratory and all eight bags tested positive for cocaine and subsequently tested and determined to be cocaine base. PSR ¶ 16. The net weight of the bags of cocaine base was 28.14 grams. Id.

When Randy Wilson walked out of the Top Notch Cutz with Anderson, he was seen walking to Amos Gill's vehicle. The CW spoke with Gill after he purchased the crack cocaine from Anderson, and

the CW reported that he saw crack cocaine inside of Gill's vehicle. PSR ¶ 17.

On April 8, 2005, at approximately 2:30 p.m., the CW placed an unrecorded call monitored by Detective Delehoy to Anderson to set up another deal to purchase crack cocaine. PSR ¶ 18. Anderson informed the CW that he was at Top Notch Cutz. The CW was equipped with a Hawk digital audio and video recorder, and given \$1,000 in ATF funds. Id. He drove to the Top Notch Cutz in the ATF vehicle that was also equipped with cameras and recording devices.

At approximately 3:04 p.m., the CW arrived at Top Notch Cutz and Anderson was observed approaching the CW's car. PSR ¶ 19. Anderson was recorded saying he had to leave to obtain it (the crack cocaine) and would return in about five minutes. At approximately 3:07 p.m., surveillance agents observed Anderson exiting the barbershop and entering a light blue Honda Pilot (MA CI947J) that was registered to him. Anderson drove away, and then returned at approximately 3:29 p.m. Id. Anderson then exited the Honda and entered the barbershop. Anderson exited Top Notch Cutz and returned to the CW's vehicle. Anderson then took the crack cocaine out of his pocket and placed it on the front console. Id. The CW then gave Anderson the \$1,000. The CW again asked Anderson if he could help him obtain a firearm, but Anderson declined to answer. PSR ¶ 19.

The CW later turned over the bag containing what appeared to

be crack cocaine to law enforcement. The drugs were sent to the DPH state laboratory and tested positive for cocaine base. The net weight of the bags of cocaine base was 27.15 grams.² PSR ¶ 20.

THE DEFENDANT'S CRIMINAL HISTORY

As reflected in the PSR, the defendant has numerous prior state convictions, including trafficking in cocaine, carrying a dangerous weapon, possession of a controlled substance, assault and battery on a police officer. PSR ¶¶ 40-49. Defendant also has a 1994 federal conviction on the charge of felon in possession of a firearm. Id. at 50. Defendant has a total of three criminal history points, which places him in Criminal History Category 2. Id. at 52-53.

GUIDELINES CALCULATIONS

The PSR has correctly calculated that the defendant's total offense level, after adjustment for acceptance of responsibility, would be 29. PSR ¶ 36. Accordingly, his guidelines sentencing range is 97-121. There is a minimum mandatory sentence of ten

² The government filed a motion in limine, which outlined additional uncorroborated evidence concerning Anderson's involvement in drug trafficking, that it was seeking to introduce at trial to prove the conspiracy charge. At trial, the government would have introduced testimony through the CW that the CW had witnessed Anderson sell an undetermined amount of crack cocaine to a female and that Anderson had told the CW he had made over \$100,000 from the sale of crack cocaine. The government is not relying on this uncorroborated information that was relayed to law enforcement by the CW to determine the amount of crack cocaine that should be attributed to Anderson for sentencing purposes.

years based upon the attributable drug weight of more than fifty grams, pursuant to 21 U.S.C. §841(b)(1)(A).

Additionally, pursuant to 21 U.S.C. §841(b)(1)(A), the mandatory minimum sentence of incarceration is increased to twenty years because defendant has a prior qualifying felony drug trafficking offense conviction. Thus, if the Court finds that defendant conspired to distribute more than fifty grams of cocaine base, it must sentence the defendant to a mandatory minimum period of incarceration of twenty years. The government has filed a notice pursuant to 21 U.S.C. §851 ("851 notice") placing the defendant on notice of its intention to seek this enhanced sentence upon conviction.

If, however, the Court finds that the defendant conspired to distribute more than five but less than fifty grams of cocaine base, the mandatory minimum period of incarceration would be five years, pursuant to 21 U.S.C. § 841 (b)(1)(B), that is increased to ten years due to the above referenced to ten years by the 851 notice with a corresponding guideline sentencing range determined by the court.

RECOMMENDATION

There was no signed plea agreement in this case. However, the government agreed that it would not call witnesses at sentencing to prove the amounts of cocaine base that defendant sold to the CW. (Emphasis added). Rather, the government would rely on the test

results detailed in the certificates of analysis of the DPH state laboratory. The combined weight of the substances from the deals is 55.29 grams of cocaine base. The government disagrees with defense characterization that it would not "rebut" the findings of the defendant's certified chemist. See, Sentencing Memorandum of J.C. Anderson at 4. The government intends to cross-examine any witness the defense calls to establish drug weight and intends to argue that the Court should rely on the weights provided by the DPH laboratory at sentencing. This agreement between the parties was clearly stated to the court on the record at the time of the Anderson's plea hearing.

The government's recommendation will depend on what weight the Court determines has been proven by a preponderance of the evidence. The government understands that if the Court finds by a preponderance of the evidence that the weight is over fifty grams, the mandatory minimum and maximum term of imprisonment will be twenty years. If the Court finds by a preponderance that the weight is over five grams but less than fifty, the mandatory minimum term of imprisonment will be ten years. The government will recommend a sentence within the guideline sentencing range determined by the court.

In fashioning its sentence, the Court should take into consideration the defendant's long history of committing crimes. The government disagrees that the defendant's risk of recidivism is

low. Sentencing Memorandum of J.C. Anderson at 10. The defendant's behavior was neither aberrant or isolated. On the contrary, the complete transcripts of the two undercover buys in this case completely undermine the argument that the defendant's actions on March 31, 2005 and April 8, 2005 were out of character as asserted by defense. Although it is true that the defendant refused to assist the CW in obtaining a firearm, a complete reading of the transcripts from the buys discloses the defendant's true concerns about firearms and his involvement in the drug business. See, Attachment 1 and 2.

During the March 31, 2005 buy, the defendant told the CW to stay away from firearms because firearm convictions carry "mandatory time." Attachment 1 at 26. The defendant further explained that "drugs [are] the biggest thing to get in[to]" and that "everybody's beating drug cases every day." Id. at 27. The defendant had first-hand knowledge of the consequences of being convicted of a federal gun crime as he served a federal prison sentence in 1994 following a gun conviction. The defendant seeks a reduced sentence for his shift from one type of criminal behavior -- firearm crimes to another -- drug trafficking, which he deemed easier to avoid arrest and more profitable. Simply stated, this in no basis of relief from a significant term of incarceration.

The defense's contention that an enhanced sentence based on his prior convictions violates the Fifth and Sixth Amendments is

unfounded. He claims that the drug weight must have been proven to a jury with proof beyond a reasonable doubt. In Apprendi v. New Jersey, 120 S.Ct. 2348 (2000), the Supreme Court held that "other than the fact of a prior conviction, any fact *that increases the penalty for a crime beyond the prescribed statutory maximum* must be submitted to a jury, and proved beyond a reasonable doubt." (Emphasis supplied). Apprendi does not affect this or any other narcotics case in which a defendant is sentenced to less than the 20-year maximum contained in 21 U.S.C. § 841(b)(1)(c). Because it is undisputed that the sentence here is at or below the 240-month threshold because Anderson pled guilty to a drug weight that brought him within the statutory scheme of 21 U.S.C. § 841(b)(1)(c), no Apprendi claim exists.

Anderson has failed to point the Court to a single decision that applies Apprendi to a case involving a controlled substance in which the sentence imposed was less than 20 years. The reason is that no such case exists. Courts applying Apprendi have unanimously concluded that Apprendi has no application to Class I or Class II drug cases in which the sentence imposed is less than 20 years. E.g., United States v. Cepero, 224 F.3d 554, 563 n.5 (3rd Cir. 2000) (sentence of less than statutory maximum did not raise cognizable Apprendi issue); United States v. Smith, 229 F.3d 1145 (4th Cir. 2000) (per curiam) (no Apprendi-related error where defendant's sentence was within statutory maximum); U.S. v.

Austin, 232 F.3d 890 (4th Cir. 2000) (no Apprendi violation where sentence was less than 20 years); United States v. Doggett, 230 F.3d 160 (5th Cir. 2000) (defendant sentenced to 235 months had no Apprendi claim); Talbott V. Indiana, 226 F.3d 866 (7th Cir. 2000) ("When a drug dealer is sentenced to less than 20 years' imprisonment--the limit under 21 U.S.C. § 841(b)(1)(c) for even small-scale dealing in Schedule I and II controlled substances--again Apprendi is irrelevant..."); United States v. Aquayo-Delgado, 220 F.3d 926 (8th Cir. 2000) (Apprendi inapplicable to sentence of less than 20 years); United States v. Hernandez-Guardado, 228 f.3d 1017 (9th Cir. 2000) (refusing to apply Apprendi to sentence that did not exceed applicable statutory maximum). Every one of these cases recognizes that, absent a sentence of more than 20 years, the factual predicate for applying Apprendi, i.e. *a fact that increases the penalty for a crime beyond the prescribed statutory maximum*, is absent. Put more simply, it is not the potential term of imprisonment that gives rise to an Apprendi claim, but the sentence that is actually imposed. Because the sentence in this case is at or below 20 years, the maximum penalty applicable was never increased and no due process violation could have occurred.

The First Circuit has repeatedly held that Apprendi means what it says -- i.e., that it applies to any fact that increases the statutory maximum "other than the fact of a prior conviction"

-- and that sentencing enhancements based on prior convictions therefore remain the province of the sentencing judge. See, e.g., United States v. Moore, 286 F.3d 47, 50 (1st Cir. 2002) ("we have ruled with a regularity bordering on the monotonous that . . . the rationale of Apprendi does not apply to sentence-enhancement provisions based upon prior criminal convictions."); United States v. Bradshaw, 281 F.3d 278 (1st Cir. 2002) (calling the argument that Apprendi requires predicate convictions under 18 U.S.C. § 3559 to be proven to the jury a "non-starter"); United States v. Gomez-Estrada, 273 F.3d 400, 402 (1st Cir. 2001) ("unequivocally" holding that Apprendi neither overruled nor limited Almendarez-Torres); United States v. Terry, 240 F.3d 65 (1st Cir. 2001) ("until Almendarez-Torres is overruled, we are bound by it"). Anderson's Apprendi claim must be rejected as baseless.

CONCLUSION

For the foregoing reasons, this Court should impose a substantial term of incarceration consistent with its drug weight determination at sentencing.

Respectfully submitted,

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By: s/ Leah B. Foley
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CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I, Leah B. Foley, hereby certify that this document and its attachments were mailed to Stephen Hrones, counsel for defendant on February 16, 2007, and efiled.

S/ Leah B. Foley
LEAH B. FOLEY

ATF EXHIBIT: E-014

First Deal

DATE: March 31, 2005

LOCATION: Top Notch Cutz

PARTICIPANTS:

1. JERIAL WILSON ("J.R.")
2. J.C. ANDERSON
3. UNKNOWN MALES
4. ATF SPECIAL AGENT ROBERT WHITE

[BEGINNING OF TAPE]

ATF SA White: This is Special Agent Robert White with CI-393.
The date is 03/31/05, controlled buy from J.C.
Anderson.

(Agents speaking)

(Radio playing)

(Car horn)

(Radio playing)

(Car horn)

(Radio playing)

(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yes? Yup. What's up? Yup.

(Radio playing)

(Car horn)

(Radio playing)

J.R. WILSON: Ouu, nice whip. (Laughs)

(Child playing)

(Radio playing)

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: This is this shit they were talking about at Max's.

ANDERSON: Uh-huh.

J.R. WILSON: So we gotta sign up for it.

ANDERSON: Um, I'm gonna go get it. Wait. I'm gonna give you a call in like ten minutes.

J.R. WILSON: What do ya want me to do?

ANDERSON: Huh?

J.R. WILSON: Want me to wait here or?
Ah, I gotta go to Staples. You wanna meet me at Staples?

ANDERSON: Where's Staples at?

J.R. WILSON: Right ov -- right over there. I just gotta make copies of this.

ANDERSON: All right, all right. Meet me over there.

J.R. WILSON: You know what I'm sayin'?

ANDERSON: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: Want, want me to --

ANDERSON: Huh?

J.R. WILSON: You know what that is?

ANDERSON: I can't --

J.R. WILSON: No. You know what this is?

ANDERSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: No.

ANDERSON: What we talked about; right?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: All right.

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

ANDERSON: All you, all you gotta do is tell me once.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, that's what I'm saying.

ANDERSON: (Unintelligible) My brain's there.

J.R. WILSON: All right. Well, I'm gonna --

No, no. Go ahead, go ahead.

(Radio playing)

(Car horn)

(Radio playing)

(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah? Not, not trying to. It, it, yeah, so Staples right across the street. Yeah, I, I know. I'm just trying to do the best I can. You know what I'm saying? Yup. All right, man. Yeah, no problem. Tryin' to go nowhere, man, tryin' to stay right here. Yup.

(Radio playing)

J.R. WILSON: Maybe I should --

(Radio playing)

J.R. WILSON: Hey, what's up, man. How you doing?

(Radio playing)

(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yes. Go ahead. Ah, this is who? Oh, Marissa. I got a party for you the 6th -- you need to bail somebody out? Is this the dude you was telling me about? Is this the dude you was telling me about? Is this the guy, your, your boyfriend? Uh-huh. Oh. Oh, well, I'll do the, um, I know you got a party the 16th, and, um, um -- no. Ah, let me, let me call you right back. I'm gonna try to see if I can work something out. I'll call you right back. All right, I got ya. This is the new cell? All right. Yup.

Shit. Fuck me.

(Unintelligible background noises)

UM: It don't matter which one; huh?

(Unintelligible background noises)

UM: Here you go, brother. (Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible background noises)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, Marissa. Why don't you give Cinnamon a call and she if she got anything else coming up. Maybe she can help you out soon as -- yeah. You got her cell number? 1-508 -- hey, list -- check it out. The only, you know how your number's the same when it starts, the last -- yeah, 46 -- yeah, 4866. Yeah. Cinnamon. Just give her, give her a call right now. All right. Yup.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: What's up with that hair, man? What's up with that hair?

UM: (Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Hey, man. You're gonna have to go over there when you get a chance. I want you to see, see if you think it's a good idea. Okay?

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Party for fuckin' two people.

(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah? Yeah. Don't worry about it, man. I got it covered, man. All right? Yo, I gotta look like everything's normal, man. Ah, you know how these people get. All right. Yeah. I guess he's, I don't know, he's waiting for it to get here or -- I don't know what he's doing, but he's gon -- he's gon -- you know, don't bother me. The money's in his hands so either/or it's either gonna be the promotional package or my money back, either/or, he goes. I'm not going nowhere. All right? Yup.

(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: (Sighs)

(Pause)

(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yes. Go ahead, Rah, Rah. No. Um, I'm over takin' care of a little business right now. What's up, girl? All right. Um, why, why don't we try to set up somethin' like in about an hour? Yeah. Hour sounds good to me. All right, I will. Yeah.

(Unintelligible background noises)

(Cell phone ringing)

(Unintelligible background noises)

J.R. WILSON: I'm tired.

(Unintelligible background noises)

J.R. WILSON: (Yawns)

(Unintelligible background noises)

J.R. WILSON: (Sighs)

(Unintelligible background noises)

(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah? No. I'm straight. All I need is to get outta this (Unintelligible). Yeah. This is norm, probably checking out the whole surrounding area. He's probably doin' somethin'. Ya, ya know. I'm all good. If I, if I, I ain't good, I'll let you know. I gotta get out. I gotta stretch my legs for a second though. Yup.

(Unintelligible background noises)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, you just got that done?

UM: A couple weeks ago. (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Is that the whole arm?

UM: No. It's just up to there. (Unintelligible) fish (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Oh, okay.

UM: I'm gonna get the whole arm done, but --

J.R. WILSON: That, oh, that's still -- oh, I thought that was Chinese.

UM: No.

J.R. WILSON: Oh, all right.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Lookin', huh?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: I tell you, you're like, yeah, come sit in this chair here.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible) cut me out.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Maybe once or twice.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: All right, all right.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yo. That's Mariah?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Um

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Is that true, what I thought?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

UM: (Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible background noises)

J.R. WILSON: I (Unintelligible) man. How you know?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible)

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible background conversations)

UM: You like that?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. I'm messing it up though; huh?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Something to get around in. You know what I'm saying?

UM: Hell, yeah, but --

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible)

UM: -- but the weather we been getting --

J.R. WILSON: Then again --

UM: -- it might snow in August.

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible) talking about taking a trip, so --

UM: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: -- know what I mean, long, long as, yeah, long as the motherfucker gets you around. See that? I kinda like big boys. You know what I mean? But --

UM: I know, but that was \$100 a week, so I got it for one week to see how -- gambling and playing around a lot up at Jokers.

J.R. WILSON: Uh-huh.

UM: If I could turn 100 into 2,000, I'd a did good.

J.R. WILSON: Hold up, hold up, hold up. I see what you're saying, so -- all right, all right, all right.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: He look good.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, this is, this is Enterprise; huh?

UM: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

UM: Take the sticker off the back.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, that's -- (Laughs)

UM: They give me a car with a sticker on the back?

J.R. WILSON: Take it off.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

UM: I'll pay you.

J.R. WILSON: What's the car, what --

UM: (Unintelligible)

UM: Pay me, no problem.

UM: When I come for your services --

UM: No problem.

UM: (Unintelligible) handle.

UM: No. I'm getting a car so I'm calling
(Unintelligible) yo, come make sure you watch this
dude 'cause I don't want no problems.

UM: Yo --

UM: No fuckin' problems.

UM: -- why you (Unintelligible)

UM: Huh?

UM: Why you (Unintelligible)

UM: Because (Unintelligible) We need (Unintelligible)
I'm like, get the hell outta here. All you need
to do is (Unintelligible) 25 grand
(Unintelligible) first floor, second floor.

UM: Okay. What should I shoulda did first, open a business or do that (Unintelligible) My kids are still babies, you know.

UM: You have a son that's kind of older
(Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Yo.

UM: Only thing, see, in my basement, I'm starting on the basement tomorrow morning.

UM: (Unintelligible) You just need a 30 x 30 addition probably gonna cost \$75,000.

UM: \$75,000, I'm not gonna -- I just spent 50, like I spent 60,000 to open this (Unintelligible)

UM: Yeah, well --

UM: Give me like six months, and I'm gonna spend another 75 on my house, man. Right now, I gotta get a business car though. I need something that (Unintelligible)

UM: Business card?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Business car.

UM: So that people understand. You know what I mean?

UM: Just call me (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Signature when you drive up like --

UM: I'm looking like (Unintelligible) Right now you (Unintelligible) you don't know if I'm an owner of a business or I'm, I'm getting a haircut or I'm looking for trouble.

J.R. WILSON: Who cares? Just the image.

UM: It's not so much the image.

J.R. WILSON: The image mean a lot when you --

UM: No, no, no.

UM: So you, you don't, okay, you can go like this to go (Unintelligible)

UM: Of course, I could.

CHILD: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, right in there, little man, right in there. Go ahead.

UM: Okay. First of all, you, you have a salon, a barber shop.

UM: (Unintelligible)

UM: Salon

J.R. WILSON: What was that?

CHILD: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: I, I don't know. Go, go in there and find out. Find your parents.

CHILD: (Unintelligible)

UM: I'm not talking to me. I'm talking (Unintelligible) Know what I mean?

UM: I cannot, I cannot sit and wear T-shirts and jeans and sneakers and hoodie sweatshirts every day. I gotta dress like probably with a belt, lose some weight --

UM: You do need to lose some weight.

UM: -- get a, get a nice car.

UM: That weight ain't going --

UM: Get a nice car that --

UM: You had one.

UM: -- I want to put in my business.

UM: You had an '04 Maxima.

UM: That I put in a business name. I wanna register my car to my business.

UM: That's easy to do, but see, you haven't registered

with Dunn and Bradstreet, so you're screwing yourself. Who's this?

J.R. WILSON: Oh, shit. That's how it comes out?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Oh, hey, hey (Unintelligible) there?

UM: I been coming in here for like what, one straight now. Everywhere that I go, yo, who did you hair, who -- I'm like, yo --

J.R. WILSON: Oh, so that's, that's (Unintelligible) there.

UM: Yeah. She's crazy. And she's (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: No. She got skills.

UM: She took about 10 or 15 minutes.

UM: Bullshit. Yo, daug, I ain't never seen no --

UM: Fifteen minutes to do that?

UM: Yo, what that take, about a half an hour to do?

UM: Ah, like 45 minutes.

UM: Yeah. You said 15 minutes (Unintelligible) What are you, crazy? What's up, buddy?

J.R. WILSON: Forty-five. What's up?

CHILD: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: What's up, daug?

UM: If you don't wanna keep him, just sign him over to me. Where she live?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: What's (Unintelligible) here?

UM: (Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Nah.

UM: Yeah (Unintelligible) money.

J.R. WILSON: Right.

UM: It's the best thing I could do.

UM: (Unintelligible)

UM: Huh?

UM: (Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible conversations)

UM: Yo, yeah.

UM: I don't have to. It's my way or no way.

(Unintelligible conversations)

UM: You own a business?

UM: No, I don't.

UM: Sometimes you don't --

UM: I'll be right back.

UM: All right. Sometimes you don't wanna talk to people --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, right.

UM: Jay, right back, brother.

UM: (Unintelligible) I don't do nothing.

J.R. WILSON: Come over here.

UM: This is what my accountant sent me today.

UM: Over here.

J.R. WILSON: Not here, he's over there.

UM: This kid could make so much fuckin' money if he was to just come in at nine o'clock in the morning.

UM: I know. This is the point.

J.R. WILSON: Who? Him?

UM: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: He has a name. If he would just market his name and what he does, he'll make more money than any other barber in New Eng -- in this Brockton area.

UM: But this is my thing. I'm waiting for my lease. My lease is next month. I gotta sign a new lease. When I sign a new lease --

UM: You only did a one year lease?

UM: That's all I could do. I didn't know what I was doing.

UM: You gotta, you gotta fuckin' quit that shit.

UM: All right. Well --

UM: You sign a long term.

UM: Sometimes (Unintelligible)

UM: Okay. Your first lease was for one year.

UM: (Unintelligible)

UM: Okay. So now (Unintelligible) some people get (Unintelligible) see what business you have. They might just walk by. Why you think I (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Well, see, not only that. It's the image again. Depending on where you are, you have to dress a certain way for certain things. I don't need to --

UM: Of course, no question, no question. Like me, I think all of my clothes is just dress down. I don't give a shit.

UM: Guy wants to go to people's meetings with suit coats on and all that. (Unintelligible) what are you all do? Oh, I own a (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, exactly, exactly.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: But, but listen, you know what? Hey, like this, today, I use this when I'm, when I'm running errands and stuff. Today I was in another vehicle. It's the image. He said he need a signature vehicle. Everybody want a vehicle so

when they pull in, they be like, yeah, that's Mr. or that's, or that's Mrs., you know what I'm saying?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, I'm taking her home with me.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Man, I'm taking her home with me.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: No, no. I'm just -- (Laughs)

(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: You won it. Oh, my God, look at, look at that.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: No. This is the girl I'm about to go see in a few minutes.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs) Yo, I heard the baby part. That's all I heard is like baby (Unintelligible) Don't you need to charge a late fee? Don't need to charge late fees like Blockbuster's? For real.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Fuck that.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Shit.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Only girls like this can hang over here. You're right, she ain't showing nothin', man.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

(Laughter)

J.R. WILSON: Hey, hey, no -- I heard that. No -- what you talking about, nuclear shit?

(Laughter)

J.R. WILSON: No. Oh, I thought you talkin' about some nuclear shit, gone tomorrow. Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah.

(Laughter)

J.R. WILSON: No. Oh, I thought you talking about some nuclear shit going tomorrow. Nah, nah, nah, nah.

UM: Hey (Unintelligible)

UM: Slow down, man. All right.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, see? See? I knew he was gonna say somethin'. How many, how many people sittin' in there waitin' for cuts?

UM: Two.

J.R. WILSON: See? They shouldn't have to wait. You want me to go cut that shit, man?

UM: (Unintelligible)

UM: Yeah.

(Pause)

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Does that, does that switch automatically go off down below? For some particular reason, when I, somethin' told me just to check it just now, and motherfucker, it was down when I know I pushed it up, but it's up and runnin' now. Is that gonna cause a problem? Okay. Yeah, okay. That's what I wanted to know, could that happen. All right, man. Yeah, yeah. Didn't you, didn't you just see his boy pulled up, Randy White, Randy Wilson, in the little car sittin' beside me on the other side? I think he's the one that has the product, but I'm not gettin' it from him. Man has to give it to me hisself. All right? All right.

(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: You guys know who that is; right?

UM: You know what I'm gonna do? (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: No, this motherfucker laying here with chinchilla over here. P. Diddy.

(Unintelligible background conversations)

(Laughter)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

(Laughter)

(Unintelligible background conversations)

UM: What doin', my man? All right, man.

J.R. WILSON: He, yeah, he says you was sixteen? I'm gonna call you. Take care, little son, but I need to holler at you for real.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: So what's up, man? I'm doin' something, man. Just chill, man. (Laughs)

UM: (Unintelligible) Yo! Yo! (Unintelligible)

(Unintelligible background conversations)

J.R. WILSON: What's up? What's up with the leg, man?

UM: Huh?

J.R. WILSON: What's up with the leg?

UM: I got, I still got the crutches (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Slow --

UM: (Unintelligible) my leg. (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Well, well, can, can I get a couple of dollars?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Can I get a couple of dollars?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: For real?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs) Oh, shit.

UM: That's fine, that's fine --

UM: (Unintelligible) you?

J.R. WILSON: No, no. I want sixteen. She's too young for me. I can't mess with that.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: On the phone.

UM: What you doin'?

J.R. WILSON: Takin' care of little business, man.

UM: Oh, yeah?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Some promotional shit, tryin' to --

UM: (Unintelligible) Okay.

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs) Ahhhh.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: So, what's up, man?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

UM: (Unintelligible) back up. You know what I mean?

J.R. WILSON: Well, you know.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Once that leg heal, you'll be straight.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: I need, yeah, I need two of 'em, two girls for the 16th, at least two extra girls.

UM: Yo, matter fact (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Whatever, whatever she does. Don't bother me.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Can she dance though in stilettos?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: At Alex's in, in Stoughton?

UM: Yeah. I got, I got it right here, nigger.

J.R. WILSON: Get the fuck outta here.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

UM: (Unintelligible) like everything.
(Unintelligible) I'm gonna call right now, nigger.

J.R. WILSON: No, no, no. We're, I'm, I'm kinda busy, but I'll like to see that later.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Get outta here. (Laughs)

UM: I hobbled, I hobbled up to the third
(Unintelligible) late night. (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: With, with, with the crutches and everything.

UM: Crutches and all (Unintelligible) moving slow, pal. All right?

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs) All right, but I, I need to holler at you anyway on the other thing we talked about on those toys, so I'm gonna get this thing done and then, um, I got some other stuff I'm tryin' to do out in Providence.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: But I -- that damn leg gotta get healed. How long they saying?

UM: (Unintelligible) month. (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, yo, that nigger's full of shit.

ANDERSON: Um.

J.R. WILSON: And he got a broken leg and all and talking shit that he's hobbling on some pussy. (Laughs)

ANDERSON: Who you talking to?

UM: (Unintelligible)

ANDERSON: Oh.

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs) (Unintelligible)

ANDERSON: I'm like, nigger, you goin' crazy?

UM: (Laughs) I was, I was looking.

ANDERSON: Want some chips, nigger?

J.R. WILSON: Oh, man. You're a lifesaver, baby. Yo, come here for a second. Let me tell you something. I love you, bro. I appreciate that, and everything here's mine?

ANDERSON: Um-hum.

J.R. WILSON: This is all mine? You serious?

ANDERSON: (Laughs)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, yo, one second. Come here though. What do you wanna do with this shit, man?

ANDERSON: What is it like?

J.R. WILSON: Come in here for one second, just one second.

I'm gonna run this to ya 'cause I don't know what, what Ollie's doing. Now, these are for Vince and Matt. You remember how he did that little thing --

ANDERSON: Um-hum.

J.R. WILSON: -- where everybody showed up on Wednesday?

ANDERSON: Um-hum.

J.R. WILSON: That's fine and dandy. Why don't me and you do a VIP thing? I can get, I'm gonna make copies of this meaning that the girls don't have to take their clothes off. What we can do is have ten, maybe ten, fifteen girls come in. We'll bring in the guys. We'll charge 'em \$50 a pop. You know what I'm saying?

ANDERSON: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: That way, me and you can cross-promote on the VIP thing. Then we can take it to the next level, do -- start something here and then go with you down to Atlanta like for the three days. I'm gonna go with you down to Atlanta --

ANDERSON: Um-hum.

J.R. WILSON: -- for three days, but I think it would be better, man, if we, um, do something with the VIP like right now.

ANDERSON: Well, did he get his license to stay open?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: Oh, so he can stay open --

J.R. WILSON: Stay open, but I think he has a one o'clock curfew until June something. I can check in, too. I was gonna have, see if we can, with Ollie, first, see what Ollie says.

ANDERSON: We don't need Ollie, but Ollie's a good person. Ollie got, he knows a lot, you know.

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum. Well, fuck it. I don't --

ANDERSON: Like my man, Jose --

J.R. WILSON: Uh-huh

ANDERSON: -- Ollie and them --

J.R. WILSON: Uh-huh.

ANDERSON: -- that's the crowd I'm lookin' to get, the dudes that'll come in with a nice shirt on, nice pair of pants.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Oh, who's that guy?

ANDERSON: Go to Martini Mondays or something.

J.R. WILSON: Who's that guy, real estate guy?

ANDERSON: Yeah. (Unintelligible) real estate.

J.R. WILSON: The Metro, the Metro South area?

ANDERSON: Yup. He does, um, all the way up. He'll do a loan in Cali if he has to.

J.R. WILSON: Fuck outta here.

ANDERSON: Got licenses all over the world. He can do, he can close a loan in Italy, if he has to.

J.R. WILSON: Man.

ANDERSON: And that's the dude I grew up with, too.

J.R. WILSON: You know what, man, you -- love you, man, 'cause if you know motherfuckers like that, that real estate, we'll find even an empty lot, get a value of -- but see, I don't wanna build. I think we should go in the shits, all right, unless you wanna take over that top floor there. I heard you --

ANDERSON: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: I'm not trying to get in your business. I heard you say something about a year lease. Why only a year?

ANDERSON: No. I only signed a year.

J.R. WILSON: Why?

ANDERSON: Because opening up the door. This could have failed tomorrow. Know what I'm saying? My life change a lot in a year for the better. You know what I mean? I, I'm, I'm, when I signed this lease --

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: -- this is the game. I was this close to the game.

J.R. WILSON: Right.

ANDERSON: A year later, I might have the game.

J.R. WILSON: All right.

ANDERSON: You know what I'm saying?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: So right here, I signed a year lease 'cause right here coulda been a terrible time for me. You know what I mean?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, exactly, exactly.

ANDERSON: But now I'm here, and this is almost out. You know where I am, right here? So --

J.R. WILSON: So --

ANDERSON: -- right now, I'm just helping people out.

J.R. WILSON: So why don't, why don't you -- see, we don't know anybody 'cause I don't even wanna go that way. Why don't you just turn this game over, to somebody else?

ANDERSON: That's what I'm, I'm right here.

J.R. WILSON: No, honestly, someone, do you know somebody you can trust like, yo, you know what I'm saying, this is -- you know?

ANDERSON: Look, I'm right here. I'm trying to get here.

J.R. WILSON: All right, okay.

ANDERSON: I'm almost there.

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible)

ANDERSON: You know what I mean? I got this to go.

J.R. WILSON: I understand, I understand.

ANDERSON: Right here, look.

J.R. WILSON: Because if --

ANDERSON: And then --

J.R. WILSON: -- because if it, if it doesn't matter that much, I mean, it matters because of the money, but then again, it's like, yo, fuck it, let's do something else.

ANDERSON: Right.

J.R. WILSON: 'Cause I, I'm gonna, I'm --

ANDERSON: Give me, give me like 30, 30 days until springtime.

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: By the summertime, I won't even mention -- you know what I'm saying? I might mention the week.

J.R. WILSON: Well --

ANDERSON: There's no, there's no time in there.

J.R. WILSON: Well, I'm gonna put this rapper to work and see what he does and then, um, from there, I'm gonna fuck, only fuck with you when it comes to whatever. The only other, the only shit that I had is in Providence. I got flash, do flash (Unintelligible) in case he had like a Colt .38 or something like that, so I'm really looking for something personal, something small for the girl or maybe -- I don't wanna --

ANDERSON: I'm gonna be truthful with you.

J.R. WILSON: What? Don't fuck with 'em?

ANDERSON: I don't go near them things.

J.R. WILSON: You don't fuck with the guns at all?

ANDERSON: You gotta think about it. Guns, I don't mind making money, a --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: -- lotta money. I'm not worried about nobody robbing me 'cause you're never gonna get nothin' from me that can hurt my life.

J.R. WILSON: Well, what if -- just hypo -- hear me out, hypothetical. What if it's 30 or 40 Glocks coming in and there was some type of way we could get in on it and make some money?

ANDERSON: I'd never touch it.

J.R. WILSON: Okay.

ANDERSON: It's just something that I made rules to myself coming out of the jail gate.

J.R. WILSON: Uh-huh. And --

ANDERSON: That just ain't me, and I mean, people --

J.R. WILSON: Right.

ANDERSON: -- people gotta understand something. The way I look at it --

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: -- people can take them things and make money off 'em all day, but me, I'm only gonna ruin the next man's family.

J.R. WILSON: When it comes to --

ANDERSON: A lotta people need to be dead out here, but do --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, yeah.

ANDERSON: -- their families need to die?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, you're right. Same thing we was talkin' about. Yeah, I saw what you're saying.

ANDERSON: You know what I mean?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: So I just always told myself that guns is not me. I'd rather --

J.R. WILSON: All right.

ANDERSON: -- I'd rather just turn my back and walk away, and if I need a gun to hustle, I don't need to hustle.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, you're right.

ANDERSON: So when that day comes, I will definitely turn my back and walk away from anything out here.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, 'cause when we was talkin' that, when we setting up talking about the whole form of hustling, I'm thinking everything, guns, girls, alcohol.

ANDERSON: All you gotta do -- let me tell you something.

Three things, the weed game is like the crack game. The weed game has stepped up to the crack game. You just gotta stop fucking with these middlemen out here. You gotta fuck with some real motherfuckers.

J.R. WILSON: I don't know no real motherfuckers. The real motherfuckers, when I did have all that was, they fucked around and got fucked up.

ANDERSON: All you gotta do is network. See what I mean?

J.R. WILSON: I, I --

ANDERSON: I don't even know a real motherfucker and that, but --

J.R. WILSON: That's what I need, one motherfucker --

ANDERSON: -- I'm looking.

J.R. WILSON: -- one motherfucker, you know --

ANDERSON: Believe me, I'm looking, but then again, what sells more? Everybody smokes weed. There's more people smoking weed than they doin' coke because coke --

J.R. WILSON: I know.

ANDERSON: -- is a faster thing because people think it's faster --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, but --

ANDERSON: -- because more people got a rush for it.

J.R. WILSON: Right.

ANDERSON: But weed is the same way if you got the best shit.

J.R. WILSON: Well, whatever you want -- yo, they, you know, look at this lazy motherfucker.

ANDERSON: My thing is, my thing is this. We --

J.R. WILSON: Is he, is he hustling?

ANDERSON: I don't know, but I'm --

J.R. WILSON: He can't be doing that shit, you know what I'm saying, coming back and forth like that.

ANDERSON: We had to, um, switch cars. He had to go get his car.

J.R. WILSON: Oh.

ANDERSON: He was riding with somebody.

J.R. WILSON: Something about him makes --

ANDERSON: But I'm gonna, I'm gonna holler at him.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Something makes me -- you know what I'm saying? Then he, then he don't have this. Look, he don't have this.

ANDERSON: He never, he can't never look a person in his eye, but see, I got Reme.

J.R. WILSON: All right.

ANDERSON: Reme's, Reme had to get knocked down to come up. You know what I mean?

J.R. WILSON: Well, whatever, whatever you wanna do. You gonna (Unintelligible) tonight?

ANDERSON: Yeah, I might go (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: I'm gonna go get this young girl.

ANDERSON: Right.

J.R. WILSON: Do some stuff.

ANDERSON: But that thing, I'm gonna tell you the truth.

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: Guns, just leave them alone, man, 'cause there's two things that hurt.

J.R. WILSON: Um.

ANDERSON: Guns, mandatory time.

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: Mandatory.

J.R. WILSON: Right.

ANDERSON: Flave --

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: -- we can beat that.

J.R. WILSON: Drugs.

ANDERSON: Everybody's beating drug cases every day.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: You know why? When they look at you --

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: -- they lock you up, that's what they gotta do. Soon as they get done locking you up, they gotta go right back to the street 'cause there's a million motherfuckers doing the same thing you are.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: You know what I mean? But when it's guns and all that, you ruin it. You ruin it, and I just, ah, I said --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, 'cause, you know, I mis -- I misunderstood what you were saying because I'm like this, whatever I can get into to make a profit --

ANDERSON: But then --

J.R. WILSON: It's a business.

ANDERSON: Drugs is the biggest thing to get in. Women is the second biggest thing.

J.R. WILSON: Oh, I know, exactly. I know, I know.

ANDERSON: They contemplate things, so -- you know what I mean?

J.R. WILSON: They go, they, they go together.

ANDERSON: Hand in hand.

J.R. WILSON: They're hand in hand.

ANDERSON: You don't need to fuck with guns, dude.

J.R. WILSON: All right. Well, well, fuck it.

ANDERSON: (Unintelligible) and all that. Nah, that's too much on your brain.

J.R. WILSON: Well, f --

ANDERSON: I mean, you get caught with a gun and say -- or kill somebody, where'd you get the -- what's the first thing they do when they say --

J.R. WILSON: Mr. Wilson.

ANDERSON: -- when you get caught with a gun?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: Where you get that gun from. You might have ten solids, but there's that one that's gonna be like --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, yeah, yeah, exactly. Well --

ANDERSON: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Well, whatev -- whatever, whatever, but, ah, hey, we on for Atlanta.

ANDERSON: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: Definitely, definitely. Look at this nigger.

ANDERSON: I got two --

J.R. WILSON: Handicapped and all.

ANDERSON: -- words.

J.R. WILSON: What?

ANDERSON: First --

J.R. WILSON: What, what, what you go, what's the two words?

ANDERSON: I got two words.

J.R. WILSON: ATF?

ANDERSON: I'm gone.

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

What up, man? Don't you go nowhere with your handicap ass.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. (Laughs)

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, stay right there, man. Yo, man, I love you, baby.

ANDERSON: All right.

J.R. WILSON: Yo, for real, you goin', you going in town, bro? Follow this handicapped dude.

UM: They didn't, they didn't name Hop Along Cassidy (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)

(Car horn)

UM: Waving at the girl trying to (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: She ain't even tryin' to hear nothing, man.

UM: Where'd you get this?

J.R. WILSON: Some fuckin', you know, you know me.

UM: Huh?

J.R. WILSON: You know me. I'm always got to stay, stay in motion, baby. Don't be looking at it. It's a little dent. So what? I hit something. What the fuck?

UM: Nothing wrong with that shit.

J.R. WILSON: What up, man? Let me see the leg. I can't even see it from here.

UM: My leg busted up, nigger. (Unintelligible) motherfuckin' everything.

J.R. WILSON: All right.

UM: It's swollen, but I can move the motherfucker; huh?

J.R. WILSON: Taking, you taking checks and all now; huh?

UM: Yeah. You know what I'm saying?
(Laughter)

UM: Wait a minute. I'm about to go run into Dave's right now. There's \$100.
(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

UM: (Laughs)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Hold on a minute. One second. I'll be right with you. Yup.

UM: That nigger, that nigger takes checks and all.

J.R. WILSON: Listen.

UM: Think I don't?

J.R. WILSON: Let me know about the burners, about the toys we talked about.

UM: Oh, oh, yeah. So what's, what's doin?

J.R. WILSON: There's two of 'em. That's all. All right. Look, I'm not going no more than 600. Yo, isn't that what's his name?

UM: Who?

J.R. WILSON: He's got everybody coming to this motherfucker; huh?

UM: Barber shop --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

UM: (Unintelligible) whatever.

UM: (Unintelligible)

UM: I'll see you, big baby.

J.R. WILSON: Lis -- listen --

UM: Everything's good, nigger, you know.
(Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: True, true.

UM: You know how we do.

J.R. WILSON: Listen, hit me up soon. I gotta get the Providence. I got some stuff I gotta do.

UM: What are you doing?

J.R. WILSON: I got some stuff I'm trying to do with this young girl Marissa.

UM: Nice girl, long hair.

J.R. WILSON: Big tits. She just called me talking about she need a party.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, real bad, but um --

UM: You got a pen in there?

UM: No. I got it.

UM: I got your number.

J.R. WILSON: What number? I got two numbers on you.

UM: I got the 774 number's what's jumping. Plus I got another number. Give me -- by next Monday --

J.R. WILSON: Can you get --

UM: -- nigger, I'll be on the (Unintelligible) I'll be on the (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Can you, can you, can you take care of, um, the toys for me, look into it? What's that?

UM: Yeah. I was just visiting my, no, I just came back visiting my stepson up in Plymouth.

J.R. WILSON: Okay.

UM: Know what I mean? He got like another year left and shit. (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Well, listen, do me a favor. No more than 600 apiece, 700 maybe, and I need those like right away before I start taking these trips back and forth to Providence 'cause I got, like I said, I got flash. Remember we was talking about it before, and then your car accident and --

UM: Yeah, yeah, this shit here and, ah --

J.R. WILSON: You know what I'm saying?

UM: I've been meaning to get up with you
(Unintelligible) that shit back, get your daughter
some new (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Get the fuck outta here. You know what, man?

UM: Yo, yo, yo --

J.R. WILSON: You embarrass me, man. Don't say no shit like
that, nigger.

UM: (Unintelligible) Why?

J.R. WILSON: I'm gonna catch ya, I'm gonna see you ass in
around a week.

UM: And if I see your wifey with your daughter,
nigger, I'm gonna give her box of motherfuckin'
carnation milk pills.

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs) Yeah, he, I'm gonna see you later. I'll
be out later. It's gonna be late night though.

UM: Where you going?

J.R. WILSON: Providence.

UM: That's where you headed now?

J.R. WILSON: Soon as I go do something right quick.

UM: Yeah, 'cause you gonna get that change.

J.R. WILSON: (Laughs)
(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: Fuckin' dude is sick. (Sighs) Fuckin' people
callin' me.
(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: Ah, this fuckin' game.
(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, you better stop rolling up on the side of
people like that, man.

UM: Nigger, you (Unintelligible) holler back
(Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: What you mean?

UM: Ummm.

J.R. WILSON: You got shorty back there?

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Was she Puerto Rican?

UM: Cape Verde.

J.R. WILSON: Well, maybe she, maybe she's going the same way
I'm going.

UM: (Unintelligible) right there. (Unintelligible) I
see you smiling.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. (Laughs) All right, baby.

UM: (Laughs)
(Car horn)
(Pause)
(Unintelligible noises)
(Cell phone rings)

J.R. WILSON: Go ahead. Yeah, I'm right here. Yeah. Did they
get a picture of the, of him coming out with this
Lay's Potato chip bag? All right. Got ya. Yeah.
Yup. Yup, I got ya, man. Yup. (Unintelligible)
(Pause)
(Traffic noises)
(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: (Sighs)
(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: Oh, shit. I stole dude's book. Mariah dude look
kinda fine there. Shit, with that tan on her
little ass.

(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: (Sighs)

(Pause)

J.R. WILSON: (Yawns) Fuckin' tired, shit.

(Cell phone ringing)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Hey, what's up, Larry? I'm, I'm just finishing up a meeting, and um, I'm just getting done. Remember I was telling you about I had some people coming in? So -- uh-huh. Yeah, we should be able to. We're gonna get something done anyway it goes. You know what I mean? I got a friend of mine owns a computer store. We'll get it done. Don't worry about it. I got you covered. Oh, she leaving Boston now? All right. Well, I'll be at the crib. I'm almost done. I'm locking up right now. All right. Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: My phone's act -- my phone's going crazy.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Sorry about the wait like that, guys.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: (Sighs) Here, let me get in the back.

UM: (Unintelligible)

J.R. WILSON: Hey, Ken, that product's in that thing right there.

UM: Want me hit the toggle switch?

UM: He already did.

J.R. WILSON: He already, he already did that.

[END OF TAPE]

ATF EXHIBIT: E-017

Second Deal

DATE: April 8, 2005

LOCATION: Top Notch Cutz

PARTICIPANTS: 1. JERIAL WILSON ("J.R.")
2. J.C. ANDERSON
3. UNKNOWN MALES

[BEGINNING OF TAPE]

UNKNOWN: Can you hear anything now?

(Pause.)

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible) and start it?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. It's all good.

(Unintelligible conversation of agents.)

J.R. WILSON: Brett, I filled up. You want to go back there?

UNKNOWN: Yeah. Is it unlocked? Unlock the doors?

(Pause.)

UNKNOWN: Push it down?

UNKNOWN: All right. Go ahead.

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible.)

(Pause.)

UNKNOWN: If he's not around or something, we'll --

UNKNOWN: If you jump out, just like last time, help is on.

J.R. WILSON: Yep. I got yeah.

UNKNOWN: Yeah. Just check it again.

(Car starts.)

(Unintelligible conversation.)

UNKNOWN: I'm, I'm wondering whether those New Yorkers are going to go (unintelligible).

J.R. WILSON: Listen to this.

(Radio playing.)

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: I asked BJ to wash this car because, you know, it's an image.

(Long pause.)

(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: I got ya.

(Pause.)

(End of call.)

(Radio playing.)

(Long pause.)

(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: I got ya.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.

(Pause.)

(End of call.)

(Radio playing.)

(Long pause.)

(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: That's all right. No problem.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

(End of call.)

(Long pause.)

J.R. WILSON: What's up, big guy?

(Laughter.)

ANDERSON: What's up?

J.R. WILSON: You outta here?

ANDERSON: Yeah. A few minutes.

J.R. WILSON: All right. I'm gonna take that spot.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Ah.

(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: Ah. What's going on?

ANDERSON: A lot of shit.

(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: Look at this. I had to cut back. I had to make a last (unintelligible), but look what they gave me for stuff. I gotta go over it.

ANDERSON: Well, you know, that's just the (unintelligible).

J.R. WILSON: I mean, Chris screwed me up earlier. Told me had to run and get some supplies. So, you know, he's the only one that cuts me up. I'm ready whenever you're ready.

ANDERSON: Speaking of ready, you know, I gotta go, and, then, come back here. Meet me, like, in five minutes --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

ANDERSON: -- over here.

J.R. WILSON: Back over here? You want me to wait for you?

ANDERSON: Huh?

J.R. WILSON: I'll sit right here.

ANDERSON: Things on hand (unintelligible) later. I got someplace --

J.R. WILSON: All right. Do what you gotta do.

(Pause.)

(Placing a call.)

J.R. WILSON: Hey, what's up?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Something, hey, how you doing?

(Pause.)

(Car starts.)

J.R. WILSON: Something about he gotta talk to Ken or whatever. Something about, I think he wanted the money up front again, guys.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right. Yeah. I think he made a statement like that. I don't know, I think he had made a statement. That's what I think he said. Hand, business at hand, and he'll be right back in five minutes or something, but I'm going to wait. I told him I'll wait. You know what I mean?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right. Don't worry about it.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: No. He already seen it. I already had it sitting in the vehicle. I'll hit you back.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

(End of call.)

(Radio playing.)

(Long pause.)

ANDERSON: (Unintelligible.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. I'm gonna run in here and just look at my place. Go ahead. (Unintelligible) for that. Right?

(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: Oh. What's up? How you doing?

(Unintelligible.)

J.R. WILSON: How you doing, brother?

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible.)

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible.) Oh, my god. What happened?

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible.)

J.R. WILSON: Too much to drink?

UNKNOWN: No.

J.R. WILSON: What's up, gorgeous?

UNKNOWN: Do you, do you think, still think I'm gorgeous.

J.R. WILSON: I love your, I love your hair. How you doing, brother?

UNKNOWN: What up?

J.R. WILSON: You never got the tatoo. Right?

UNKNOWN: Yeah.

UNKNOWN: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: He's always been afraid.

UNKNOWN: It hurts too much.

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible). Oh, that ain't nothing, man.

UNKNOWN: I know.

UNKNOWN: That ain't nothing, baby. You look good yourself. You look good.

J.R. WILSON: What about (unintelligible)? Get ready for it, man.

UNKNOWN: Anything (unintelligible) about you?
(Unintelligible.)

(Unintelligible background conversations.)

J.R. WILSON: This our promotional stuff?

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible.)

J.R. WILSON: Where all the ladies at? There is no lady working today?

UNKNOWN: They're up in Boston.

J.R. WILSON: What's going on in Boston?

UNKNOWN: Huh?

J.R. WILSON: He said they went to Boston?

UNKNOWN: No. They went to (unintelligible).

(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: It's busy back here.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Had to be this guy's (unintelligible).

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible) chicken; huh? You know what mean? Lots of (unintelligible) chicken in there? Who went and got the chicken?

UNKNOWN: I went in there (unintelligible).

J.R. WILSON: It's at the mall; right?

UNKNOWN: Um.

J.R. WILSON: I haven't been in there yet.

UNKNOWN: They'll probably get (unintelligible).

J.R. WILSON: Yeah?

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible.)

J.R. WILSON: The chicken was?

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible) my third (unintelligible).

J.R. WILSON: (Unintelligible) that chicken?

(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Hold on a second.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Hello?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Hey, he's the one that looks like he's lifting the weights.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: He must be lifting weights and eating (unintelligible) or something because his (unintelligible) look (unintelligible).

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right. I'm outta here, man. I just came by (unintelligible).

(Unintelligible conversation.)

J.R. WILSON: How you doing? I'm gonna holler at you one of these times.

(Unintelligible conversation.)

J.R. WILSON: Sweetheart, I may have to do my daughter's hair. All right?

UNKNOWN: Oh, okay.

J.R. WILSON: That okay with you?

UNKNOWN: All right. Like what?

J.R. WILSON: Like --

UNKNOWN: No, I said, like what? Like braids?

J.R. WILSON: Like twisted, maybe some braids or something.

UNKNOWN: Whatever. I'll be hair cut. (Unintelligible), she braids.

UNKNOWN: She's a master braider.

(All speaking at once.)

J.R. WILSON: I try to keep it that way.

UNKNOWN: All right.

J.R. WILSON: Hey, I'll let you know.

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible). Tell my daddy, please, bring food. You don't believe me.

J.R. WILSON: If I let her bring food, she'd bring everything she got. Listen --

UNKNOWN: All right. Okay. Tell him to bring me some food. Bring me some food.

(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: Listen, you have a great day.

UNKNOWN: You, too.

J.R. WILSON: Make that money.
(Unintelligible conversation.)

J.R. WILSON: Shit. Car is dirty.
(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah?
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Okay. I'll do the best I can, big guy.
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Who's -- all right.
(End of call.)
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Excuse me.
(Long pause.)
(Tape cuts out.)
(Radio playing.)
(Long pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yo, man, I can't, see these dates?
(Pause.)

ANDERSON: Sorry, man. I (unintelligible) truck.

J.R. WILSON: No, no, don't, girls love this truck.
(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: See these dates here that we got?

ANDERSON: Which one is that?

(Music stops.)

ANDERSON: Oh, good man.

J.R. WILSON: See these dates you got here? Atlanta?

ANDERSON: Um.

J.R. WILSON: Atlanta, Atlanta, is that, is that a guaranty?

(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: You change your mind? Please, say, yes, one day.

ANDERSON: Oh, but, now, I can't.

J.R. WILSON: Okay. Good.

ANDERSON: Good. Good.

J.R. WILSON: Because I got a party tonight, High Spot, Hyde Park, and, then, I got another one, hopefully, tomorrow, because I got, you know what I'm saying? My weekend is kind of crazy. So, I want to go. Don't get me wrong, and, if we go, can we drive?

ANDERSON: Yeah. I don't, it might --

J.R. WILSON: Can't tell me that. Right?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Can we drive?

(Laughter.)

J.R. WILSON: That's the other question.

ANDERSON: I'm gonna see. I'm gonna talk to my man, today, man, and see what, what's the deal because I ain't trying to be around here.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Because if we, if we can, yo, bro, if we can do that, I'll feel better than, I don't want to fly. I don't want to use no milage. I just want to just go, and, then, you're gonna show me the place you was telling me about?

ANDERSON: Um-hum.

J.R. WILSON: What's the name of the strip club?

ANDERSON: Magic City, Stokers, all that.

J.R. WILSON: All right. I'm gonna fuckin log online and check them out, and what's the beef with him and this dude?

ANDERSON: Is he switching it? Is he switching it?

UNKNOWN: (Unintelligible.)

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: What happened?

ANDERSON: Oh, man, I'm, you know, this is fucked.

J.R. WILSON: What's the problem? The barbers?

ANDERSON: Yeah, man, they're giving me --

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. What's up with him arguing with him about touching some stuff on his table and shit?

ANDERSON: Who?

J.R. WILSON: He was out here arguing with, he was talking to one of his, I don't know, one of his guys who cut his hair, and they was arguing about using somebody's shit. Who's giving you problems in there?

ANDERSON: They ain't giving me problems. It's like, we're slow. These niggers want me to kick this dude out, Flav, but me and Flav got an understanding --

J.R. WILSON: No, don't, don't, don't do that.

ANDERSON: No, I can't. I, I never gonna do what they want me to do --

J.R. WILSON: All right.

ANDERSON: -- because it's not their shop. If they feel so much important about it, they can leave. You know what I mean?

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, I know.

ANDERSON: If you so concerned about what the next man doing, you can leave, but what I'm trying to do is, as long as this dude got, me and him got the understanding --

J.R. WILSON: Um-hum.

ANDERSON: -- and he's paying me 150, then, it's nobody's business.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Because if he, if he got a little, even if he got a little clientele, let his clientele come. Whatever they say, hey, actually, you call the shots; so, it don't even fuckin matter.

ANDERSON: Yeah.

J.R. WILSON: Oh, on another subject, I know we talked about this before, but if you hear anything, my little, my little guy had problems promoting some stuff, and he found out this kid was going to pull a burnout on him. You understand? I know it's not your game, but if you hear anything, you just call me, let me know, and you ain't gotta be in the middle of it. I'll go meet whoever. If anybody say anything about that, I just need, just for protection. You know what I mean? Just one word. That will be it, and I'm, that's the bottom line. If you hear something.

(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Other than that -- this is this girl. Hold on.

Yes?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Ma -- Marissa, you're for the 15th and the 16th. Mark that down.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Hot Spot on the 16th, 8:30 p.m.

ANDERSON: Let me go.

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Go, go ahead. Go ahead, man. Go do what you gotta do. I'm straight. Oh. No. That's a private party. That's -- listen, I'm going to have to call you.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Get that little girl out of the way.
Marissa, let me call you right back.

(End of call.)

(Pause.)

(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. I got you, man. I got you. I was going
to --.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: I don't know. It seem like it's OI. Is that an
OI or CI? 94, CI47J.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: You're welcome, bro.

(End of call.)

(Long pause.)

(Placing call.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah, sorry about that, man. I'm gonna holler at
you when I get back. Let me, let me get into
Providence right quick, and I'll holler at you I
get back. What you doing tonight?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Which, which, you know which spot you going to?
You going, don't go telling me you're going to
these local clubs.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right. Either/or. I'll holler back at you
later.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.
(End of call.)
(Long pause.)
(Music playing.)
(Placing call.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Marissa?
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Call Cinnamon. I'm pretty sure you're not on tonight. That has nothing to do with me. I didn't book that party; so, you know, I'm not getting paid but, call her. Call her right now.
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.
(End of call.)
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Shit.
(Tape cuts out.)
(Long pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. Was that, was I clear when I left there? Did anything look funny? Where did that other vehicle go? His boy?
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: The guy in that first vehicle.
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.
(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah. I'm all set. I'm on my way back to Providence. So, --.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah.

(End of call.)

(Long pause.)

(Phone ringing.)

J.R. WILSON: Yeah?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right. She's probably on the computer or something.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right. No problem, I'll take care of it. I'm pretty she did mention you. Your stage name is what?

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Okay. (Unintelligible) I think it is.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right. I'll take care of it. Just give me about an hour, and I'll call you back.

(Pause.)

J.R. WILSON: All right.

(End of call.)

(Long pause.)

(Radio playing.)

(Long pause.)

J.R. WILSON: Crazy. This shit stinks.

(Long pause.)

[END OF TAPE]